



ARMY AIR FORCES
GREENSBORO,
NORTH CAROLINA

Thursday
1930

Dear Mom:

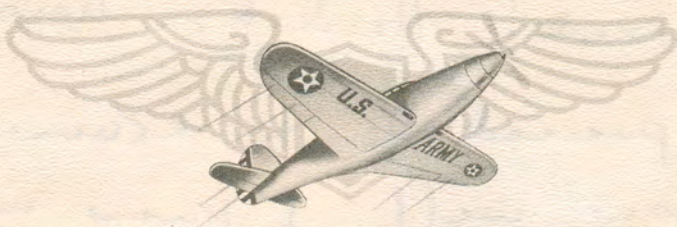
as you would say, "Will somebody please cut me open?" Boy what a meal I just finished. The Menu is enclosed. The USO provided the cigarettes, candy, etc. They were given to me as I left the mess hall.

I was thinking today what I have to be thankful for. Well, that's a good example. It sort of makes you glad to be alive in a beautiful country like this with a wonderful mother and two swell sisters + their families at home. It's great angel. I am very happy.

an adding factor to my glee is the fact that I began my classification tests today.

It was at a rather inept time as I only had $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours sleep last night. I was on guard duty from 2215 to 0215. But I still did well on the test. We had the mental part today which was a group of about 10 tests and it took all day! I'm pretty tired now, and still have that god-damned cough, but I'm still happy! I guess that's what they call moral.

Tomorrow I have my ~~phys~~ psycho-moto test. This is the "penny arcade" of machines that tests my coordination, etc. I'll tell you about it Sunday, darling. By the way these tests determine whether



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I'm going to be a pilot, navigator, or bombardier. I believe I told you about it before. West-co pass? We've not told our classification 'til we're out of college. But we are notified in 7-10 days incase of a wash-out. So no news is good news

My guard duty was uneventful except that I can have a weekend pass. That's good from 1700 Saturday to 0545 Monday. How I got it is narrated below. I was walking my post in a military manner, as it says in General Order #2, when the N.C.O.D. (Non-com. officer of the day) walks toward me. I hollered halt as prescribed. Followed by, "Who's there?!" He told me, "advance and

be recognized!" He did. "Recognized!"

He then proceeded to examine me as to how well I knew my general orders. That was O.K.

Then he asked if he could see my ~~the~~ piece, (gun), (wipe that smile off your face.) Well anyhow I said, "Is that an order or a request?"

If it's a request I'm not supposed to give it to him. Well that stung him. You see I'm not supposed to know that, but Sargeant Mike taught me. (That's our drill sarge.) He liked my performance so much he's entering my name for a week-end pass. Mornin', here I am a guard!

No kiddin', this guarding business is nothing to fool with. We're armed with a .30 calibre Springfield with a 20 inch bayonet on the end. If ~~the~~ challenge someone



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and he doesn't halt. I have to run him through with the bayonet. We're not supposed to just wound him either, we're supposed to kill him. If I ever do kill anyone on guard duty I'm fined \$1.10, given a carton of cigarettes, and shipped somewhere else. Simple as that.

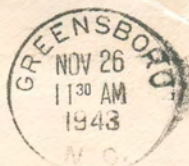
Well that's enough B.S. for tonight beautiful. I hope you enjoyed a wonderful Thanksgiving Day, my darling. I wished for you like hell between tests today. Give my love to all and a kiss for Bobby & one for Nanny too, from me.

So, goodnight sweetheart, I love
you.

Your loving son

Luigi

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FREE!

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